

THE
Second, Fourth, and Seventh
SATYRS

OF
Monsieur BOILEAU

IMITATED,

With some other

POEMS

AND

TRANSLATIONS

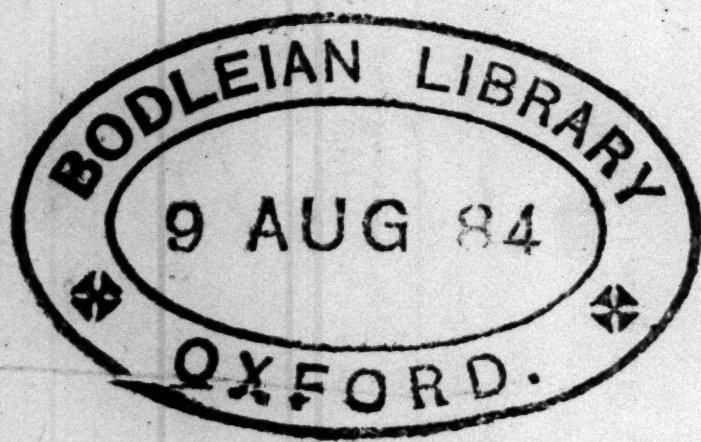
Written upon several occasions.

*—ubi quid datur otî
Illudo chartis. Hor. Sat. 4. Lib. Serm. 1.*

L O N D O N :

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TO M A D A M

MARIABELLA
SEDGWYCK.

M A D A M,

WERE the having receiv'd one Favour, Encouragement enough for the Person thus oblig'd to beg another, and were the Singular Freeness, with which it was confer'd, Sufficient to let him hope that he should not ask in vain; then have I no ordinary assurance, that a New Request will meet with success, who have receiv'd from your hands more Favours and Greater then I had ever any reason to Expect: of which I Shall only mention the Greatest your *CONVERSATION*. I am very well satisfied that by one of that Obliging Temper for which Your Self are remarkable, to ask New Favours may be look'd upon as the best way of showing our Esteem for past ones, and returns are not expected from one, whose Power is so little, that he cannot make 'em Suitable; and his Acknowledgments so great that he would not make them otherwise. Such

Considerations as these, have been the Occasion of this Bold Attempt, and made me presumptuously entertain some thoughts, that what I had here wrote might not be altogether unacceptable to You. This had I Dedicated to any other Person, I might then have reasonably fear'd lest it should Suffer under that Patronage; whereas at present, I believe, it will justly argue a point of Prudence in a Man, who mistrusts the Sufficiency of his endeavours like me, to have recourse to one who is able to maintain 'em like YOU. I must confess I have a great deal of Reason to fear you will be too severe in your Sentiments of these Compositions; when You shall give your self the Trouble to read 'em over: both because your Judgment's so Great, and my Performances so Mean. The same apprehensions will those Pieces more particularly that are Imitated from the French, raise in me; your acquaintance with that Language being so intimate, and mine but just Sprung. So that had I not Experienc'd your Candour, I had had no colour for the Pretence of this Epistle, which, if it meet with a kind Reception will be the greatest Satisfaction in the world to,

Madam, Your most Oblig'd

Humble Servant

&c.

THE
P R E F A C E.

THere are a thousand People perhaps (tho' I know no reason why half the Number should concern themselves about me) will be so inquisitive as to ask who is the Author, I presume, not out of any particular Curiosity they have to be acquainted with the Person, but purely out of custom. However let 'em assure themselves, that if I had had a mind they should know, I would have inserted my name in the Title Page, to be seen the first thing that's look'd upon, without any more to do. Which when they find I have omitted they may conclude I had no such design. If indeed I had the happiness of being known abroad, I mean remarkably so, and upon a good account, I might then probably imagine that my Name prefix'd would be a considerable Addition to the Book, and a stamp sufficient to make it current. But now if the Success it meets withall in the World be not altogether answerable to my Expectations, I am with mankind but just where I was before; and hug my self for my Prudence in not making my self publick, and following the General cry, seem the busiest Man in Railing against it, as thinking that the safest way to prevent Discovery; like a cunning Rogue that crys stop Theif the lowdest, because he himself would not fall under suspicion.

But the greatest Kindness I propose to my self in this Concealment of my Name, Is, not because I look upon what I have done to be any ways unaccountable, but because I think it below a man that does not make it altogether his business,

The Preface.

to make it any Part of his Business, or at least to profess it as such : For if I propose Poetry as a diversion only without any farther aim, I must not so much as seem to desire to grow remarkable upon that account : Which I must unavoidably do, if I acknowledge what I have here writ to be mine. And tho' I would do something of this Nature when I have nothing in the World else to do, yet I am so far from desiring that it should be thought a part of my Study, that I would not be known to have done any thing like this even for my recreation. Tho' what K. Charles was pleas'd to say to Sir John Denham upon the like occasion will excuse me too ; which was that when men were Young and had little else to do, it was very Allowable for them to vent the Overflowings of their Fancy this way, but if they persisted in this course it would look as if they minded not the way to any better Employment. And for that reason I take my leave of all things of this Nature. And from hence too I hope it will evidently appear, that I have no such mean thing as Honour in my Eye, unless you can suppose that a man would retreat into a solitude on purpose to make himself known to all the World ; for tho' the Person's reputation whosoever he be, maybe as great whilst he remains unknown as when he is not so, yet he that runs at Fame, will receive little Satisfaction from that praise which he can't own due to himself. For tho' I know that all these Commendations are confer'd upon a certain Person, that wrote such a certain Book, at such a certain time ; yet so long as I am not known to have done this, so long as I can't digito monstrari et dicier hic est : Jack a Nokes receives as much Honor from these performances as I, and for that reason shall Jack a Nokes receive as much disgrace if they don't succeed. 'Tis the same thing if we view a fine Picture, we are apt to judge it to be done by a Masterly stroke, but if we are ignorant that Kneller's pencill drew the Piece, a sign post dawber may have the Reputation of it as well as He. / However if I won't tell you my name, yet I hope I may be allow'd to give you some character of my self. I am then ugly and illnatur'd enough for a Wit, poor enough for a wit, whimsical enough for a wit, and have elder Brothers enough for a wit ; so here are the Signs at least, how short soever I may fall of the thing ;

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thing; and tho' I say it, I can call my self Poet with as much Authority, as a Scotch Pedlar calls himself Merchant, or a fellow that stroles up and down with a Village Bag-pipe, write himself (if he can) Musician.

The second thing that perhaps these men may impertinently enquire into is why I write? to whom I would answer were it worth my while, without pleading Humour, interest or the like; that tho' I did not think there was any deficiency in Poetry, I mean in the number of Poems not their composition; or that there was any need of adding to the former, and for making amends for the latter I was wholly incapable; yet I did this, that I might have some sort of revenge at least upon those Fellows that had writ ill before me, by intruding upon them as good as they brought: as Mr. D---is may see in my Imitation of the Fourth Satyr of Monsieur Boileau. The other two by all that I can learn were never touch'd upon by any hand before.

Thus it is, and I can't help it, my design to oblige the world is as little, as my endeavours to do it are weak; and the hopes I entertain of receiving any obligation from it less, than either. And a man may e'ne as well Expect to huff a Critick into good Nature, as look for Favour at his hands by crying Mercy. Especially since there are one sort of Criticks that have bid me not Despair, a sort of low spirited Villains who if they see me reeling will be sure to trip up my heels, always pursuing a man the closer if they apprehend him timorous, and like Cowards promise themselves a great deal of advantage by their adversary's running away.

There are another sort whom I shall Endeavour to please as little as I desire it, who think their Judgment is much better exerted in Damning than approving; and consequently every thing that comes within their reach, receives its sentence before hand; But these are men of distemper'd Palates that relish nothing well; men of so weak a stomach, that if for interest or compliance, any thing goes down with them, it shall be sure to come up again one time or other without digestion.

There are a third sort who fix upon just what comes within the small Compass of their Capacity; (resolv'd to be Criticks let the World go how 'twill,) that is whether this should be a

The Preface.

Semicolon or a comma; and tell a man he does not rightly understand the full extent of a Period, or that he can't Spell because the Press has taken the Liberty to put a letter out of its place; but these are men whom I scorn to take Notice of, as much as they scorn not to take Notice of ev'ry body else. But I don't pretend in so narrow a Compass as this to set down all the different Species of Criticks, who swarm in as Numerous Bodies as flies produc'd by the heat of the Sun in a Summer season, and if I been't mistaken they are a little like e'm to, for they taint every thing they settle upon: I here heartily beg the Reader's pardon for trespassing upon his Patience by an Harangue which he'l tell me is nothing to the purpose, and therefore I shall fore'stall him, and tell him so.

Now as to what more particularly concerns Monsieur Boileau, I know there is scarce any one can be Ignorant what a Character that Gentleman has bore in the World: and scarce any one, that has read him in his own Language, will take the pains to Read him in mine. so that I apprehend my self under very disadvantageous Circumstances, whilst I am to answer their Expectations who have heard what he is, and theirs who know what he is: Upon this account therefore my Imitating these three Satyrs, seems a harder task then I should have pretended to meddle with, but my design at first was, that if after all, they were not well Receiv'd, the mistakes I had made might at least provoke a more Judicious pen, to set e'm out in a more agreeable dress: For the Failures of our Precedents ar generally great encouragements for those that come after e'm, to try whether they can't come off with greater applause; as it is in the undertaking of all new inventions and Stratagems, the first that set about 'em usually break, others see their Errors and bring 'em to Perfection.

Monsieur Boileau's second Satyr is against Rime, and I would have You observe, that as he ascribes it to Monsieur Moliere as one who writ well in rime, and well without it; so I have made bold to use Mr. Dryden's name to Countenance my Imitation of him; as one that writes the justest Number, and strictest Rime of any man in England; and I Suppose no man without forfeiting his Judgement, will dispute that

The Preface.

that he writes admirably well, when he is pleas'd to lay those particular Ornaments aside; I need not wish that this Character came from more commendable testimony, for the Greatest men in the Kingdom must allow it him; I only beg his Pardon that I should presume to touch upon the Merits of so great a Person, without having any of my own to give me some Tolerable grounds for this Authority.

I have not observ'd Rime very strictly my self in these Satyrs, and in some other Pieces, both because I do not think it altogether so Necessary in loose familiar Compositions, as in stately Heroic Verse, and because the first thing in the Book seems to Condemn it.

As for the other Poems they were writ upon several Occasions but never distributed about to those on whom they were Wrot, nor Communicatid to any one else, Excepting to the two Persons who have taken the pains to write Commendatory Verses upon so ill a Subject, which I think I may with Modesty admit of, not having discover'd my Name, but, (as I instanc'd) to those two, yet think it still a secret.

To

To my Ingenious Friend—
On the following POEMS.

Call'd to the Hill Apollo's blest abode,
With joy we heard the Summons of the God;
With Equal strength prest forward to the top:
Still your success urg'd on my eager hope.
But when I see Boileau and Thee combin'd,
His poignant wit to English vigor joyn'd,
To lash the idle Fopperies of mankind:
Or when I read how sweetly you reveal
The pains, which some coy Beauty makes You feel:
Or find some Hero, whose Illustrious name
Your lines adorn, and give immortal fame.
Or view the * Goddess, who shall ever live * vid. p. 48.
In those fair colours, which your Verses give:
Whose Matchless Face, and all perfections shine,
Less bright from Kneller's Skilful hand, than thine.
I only can admire, and now lay down
My claim to th' Muses, who are all thine own:
Nor can I blush to see my self outdone.
So the Spectatours at some noble race,
With ease at starting keep an equal pace:
But when the Flag provokes to greater Speed,
And th' eager Jockey Spurs the generous Steed,
No more in vain th' unequal race they Try;
But at a distance follow with the Eye.

Yours—

To

To His Ingenious Freind the Author of the following POEMS.

TOO well (I find) Prophetick Bards of old
The Destiny of Poets told.
No pains (they say) no Study can acquire
That Heav'nly Spark of immaterial fire.
Which, Thyrsis, must like theirs, or Thine,
Be all infus'd, and all divine:
The Muse must have a birth as well as we,
And be co-twin with us, as 'twas with Thee.

Were it not thus ordain'd, why might not I
To the same pitch with others fly,
Till I had learnt to reach that noble height
To which thy soaring Muse extends her flight?
And sing with the same Art her praise
With which she other men's can raise?
But on the Earth my growling Genius lyes,
Friendship and merit cannot make it rise.

Whether thy hallow'd verse shall I profane,
And take thy mighty name in vain?
Or in respectfull silence live, and see
All thy friends wait upon thy dawn but me?
Sure sense of gratitude may teach
A way the muse's Hill to reach:
I find it now, and fain wou'd silence break,
But weakness do's the growing boldness check.

Yet Spight of weakness I will on, and tell
What charms do in thy numbers dwell.

How pleasingly thy softer touches do
The Fancy strike with something always new :
How Strength with beauty blended shines
Thro' all thy weighty Sterling lines.

How fitly all thy words thy thoughts express,
And Forreigners become Thy English dress.

Artfull Boileau with such a Genius writes,
As tickles us at once and bites :
In the Venusian's footsteps walking ; fools,
Whom the morose Wou'd lash, he ridicules.
Yet tho' he oft does imitate,
Too mean he thinks it to translate,
So you his thoughts have always in your view,
And as his Master He, You him pursue.

These truths with pleasure all that know you see,
And joy to find that hopeful tree,
Whose early Youth such pleasing blossoms bore ;
Now bears those ripen'd fruits which please 'em more.
All then from Phæbus's bounty we
Desire ; shail Thyrsis, be for Thee.
That he with Kindly rays wou'd make Thee bear,
And bless us with thy fruit another Year.

Censure and envious malice bravely scorn
Thy Muse is like Alcides born ;
And so much Strength from her sire's vigour takes,
That in her cradle she can crush the Snakes.
Like that great Hero may she grow
His happiness, not dangers know,
And when e're death deprives the world of Thee
May Thine and her reward be immortality.

Yours——

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So you his thoughts have always in your view,
And as his Master He, You him pursue

These truths with pleasure all that know you see,
And joy to find that hopeful tree,
Whose early Youth such pleasing blossoms bore;
Now bears those ripen'd fruits which please 'em more.

All then from Phæbus's bounty we
Desire; shall Thyrsis, be for Thee.
That he with Kindly rays wou'd make Thee bear,
And bless us with thy fruit another Year.

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And so much Strength from her sire's vigour takes,
That in her cradle she can crush the Snakes.

Like that great Hero may she grow
His happiness, not dangers know,
And when e're death deprives the world of Thee
May Thine and her reward be immortality.

Yours——

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THE JOURNAL OF

1801. Jan. 1. Arrived at the house of the
Rev. Mr. [Name] at [Location].
[Faint text continues, mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.]

THE SECOND
SATYR
OF
Monsieur BOILEAU,
IMITATED.

Written to Mr. DRYDEN.

TELL me (Great *Dryden*) You, whose fertile
brain,

Big with vast thought, produces without
pain ;

To whom alone *Apollo* does impart

His mighty treasures both of wit, and Art.

B

Such

Such is Your Judgment too, that it can pierce

Thro' ev'ry different *Species* of Verse :

And soon determine with a transient view,

What is the Stamp it bares, and whether true.

Tell me I say how you with such great ease

Produce a rhyme to any thing you please.

Alas! *That* never puts you to a Stand

Observing still the motions of your hand :

And waiting the approaches of your Quill

To th' Second verse, it's proper place 'twill fill.

But I with frantick fit for some great Crime

Am seizd, and barbarously condemn'd to *Rime*.

In vain I strive to conquer my hard Fate,

That makes me sink beneath its heavy weight.

In vain I'm thoughtful quite from Morn till Night,

When *Black's* the word I want, the *Rime* is *White*.

When some brisk Gallant I'd describe in Love,

My Muse still found for *Rime* grave Doctor *D—ve*.

When I'de a Poet without fault set down,

Reason, says *Dryden* : *Rime*, will have it *Cr——n*.

In fine whatever I've a mind to say,
 Still the quite contrary will come i'th way.
 At length by disappointments weary grown,
 And sadly discompos'd, I sit me down,
 Resolv'd to think no more upon't; and curse
 The *Evil Genius* that inspir'd me first.
 But having Damn'd *Apollo* and my *Muse*
 And sworn their aid hereafter to refuse:
 Look! unexpected *Rime* comes pressing for my use.
 And straight I rally up in spite of fate,
 My almost smother'd particles of heat,
 Forgetting my rash vows, I to't again,
 Looking that ev'ry other verse 'twill daign
 To come, and make me not thus fret and fume in vain.

Howe're if my nice *Muse* in raving fit
 Would down at least with a flat *Epithete*,
 Or so, as many another's often does.
 I could with ease produce a *Rime* i'th close.
 If I would *Phillis* praise, that's gay and fair,
 I'd rhyme immediately, *She's* past compare.

4 *The Second S A T Y R*

Or if some object, *that's extreamly fine,*

I'd cry, *the Sun it self don't brighter shine.*

And so when e're I spoke of lofty things,

Whether of mighty Beauty, mighty Kings,

Or what e're with it admiration brings:

With such fine words as these at random writ,

(Perhaps with full as little Art as Wit,)

And often with the Noun and Verb transpos'd.

Obtaining him the motions of your pen.

And waiting the approaches of your Quill

To th' Second verſe, it's proper place 'twill fill.

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of *Monsieur* Boileau.

5

Curst be the Fool who first presum'd to try
To limit thought, that should be always free:
And in such narrow bounds his words confine,
Making his Sense as Servil as his *Rime*.
Had this not been then I had held my tongue,
And all my Days slid quietly along,
Unenvy'd, unknown, I should Drink, Laugh, & Sing,
~~And in my Chamber and my Bed Room, as I please,~~

Look! unexpected *Rime* comes pressing for my use.

And straight I rally up in ipight or rate,
My almost smother'd particles of heat,
Forgetting my rash vows, I to't again,
Looking that ev'ry other verse 'twill daign
To come, and make me not thus fret and fume in vain.

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Whether of mighty Beauty, mighty Kings,

Or what e're with it admiration brings:

With such fine words as these at random writ,

(Perhaps with full as little Art as Wit,)

And often with the Noun and Verb transpos'd,

Each verse with *De—is's* fragments might be clos'd.

But while I waver in my choice of words,

I use not one but what some light affords

To what I would be understood to mean;

That bares some Strefs; that is authentick, clean,

And would be wanted were it out again.

I hate a nauseous, dull, insipid phrase,

That's only writ to fill a vacant place,

And manifestly shews that Sense is scarce.

So that tho' I the twentieth time review

The Piece I've made, I still should make it new.

of *Monsieur* Boileau.

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Had this not been then I had held my tongue,
And all my Days slid quietly along,
Unenvy'd, unknown, I should Drink, Laugh, & Sing,
And cry God Bless our Nation our Church & our King.
And like a Prebend Fat with Holy Ease,
My cares at once should with my Business cease;
And I'd do nothing but just what I pleas'd.
Exempt from Frantick Whimseys all the day,
In sleep I'd pass the tedious Nights away;
No heats of Passion should my quiet Soul
Disturb, nor idle Fears my will controul.
As for Ambition I would keep it low,
And set it bounds how far it were to go:
Shunning th' import'nate presence of the great
I'd not at Court, to cringe to *Fortune*, wait.

}
}

Thus I'd been happy if my envious Stars,
Had not ordain'd, I should be damn'd to Verse.

But since a Phrenzy first began to seize
My Soul with this incurable Disease :
Since my *JH* Genius o're my Temples sat,
And fearing I should grow too fortunate,
Made me aim High, and Fondly Entertain
Big thoughts of writing in a Noble strain.
Since that unhappy moment, I confess
Iv'e Constant been toth' Drudgery of Verse.
Where going to revise a single clause
This Flat I find, this Dark ; and Forty flaws
Make me blot out the piece I thought correct.
Which brought me thro' this Labour to reflect
On the uneasiness I here sustain,
And made me envy Even *Ri—r's* vein.

Ah ! happy *D—fy* whose too fertile Muse,
Can every now and then with ease produce

of *Monsieur* Boileau.

Some mighty Works. And this in your defence
I needs must own, you write in Spight of Sense,
To Art I know you will not make pretence.

Be what they will, yet so far they succeed
That the great Author never stands in need
Of Book-Seller to buy, or Fools to read.

And if his Verses do but End in *Rhime*
To botch the midle up he thinks no Crime
For how that passes 'tis all one to him.

He's doubly curs'd then, whose Poetick Vein
Must be to Rules so servily constrain'd.

A fool enjoys the pleasure of his Muse,
Who the next thing that comes will ne'r refuse,
As unacquainted with the pains to chuse.

Ravish'd h' admires the product of his quill,
And hugs himself for having writ so well.

But the great Soul attempts to find in Vain
That vast Perfection which he makes his aim :
Always unsatisfied with what he has done,
Thinks this might best have ended, this begun.

8 *The Second S A T Y R, &c.*

And such and such Additions made it neat;

When all the World affirms it is compleat.

And tho' all places loudly Speak his fame,

And for his *Genius* reverence his Name;

He wishes all the while it were his Lot,

That all his pieces might one single blot

Sustain, or else repents that e're he wrote.

YOU then that with this excellence abound,

And see how my poor Muse is run aground,

Tell me where th' Art of Rhiming's to be found.

Or if Your great Endeavours chance to fail,

Instruct me, *Dryden*, not to Rhime at all.

THE FOURTH
 SATYR
 OF
Monfieur BOILEAU
 IMITATED.

HOW comes it (*Will*) that he of all Mankind,
 Who most to perfect Phrenzy is inclin'd,
 Should yet conceit he has the soundest mind?
 All those whose conversation he has known,
 And with theirs partially compar'd his own,
 He bids take care of lower room and grate
 In *Bedlam*, as their sure impending Fate.

Why

Why here's a *Pedant* that for Twelve Years space
 Has still Jog'd on in the same Trudging pace;
 Has ranfack'd mothy volumes of the Dead,
 And with dry *Grecian* wisdom stuff'd his head:
 Having from *Adages* extracted juice,
 (A *Chimicks* labour for a *Pedant's* use)
 Something upon occasion he'll produce.
 He firmly thinks there's nothing to be done,
 Without the study thro' which he has run.
 And swears the *Stagarite* can alone dispence
 A System of sound reason and good sense:
 Thus the Proud fool with others learning fraught
 Would take it very kindly to be thought
 A man of parts: I tell thee he's a Sot.

A Fop of Fashion is the next I meet,
 Whose business 'tis all day to walk the street,
 Of no misfortune Sensible but this
 A ruffled Perruque, and a ruin'd Phiz.
 Pulvill and Amber and a Spice of Fool
 Make up his *Essence*, constitute the whole.

He

He Damns grave sots, and carps at all that's writ,
Thinks Ignorance in him is sign of wit,
And boasts the mighty Privilege he has
(As he's a Gentleman) to be an Ass.

Crys let the plodding Soul sit quiet down
In some Foundation rich with twenty pound.

Next here's a *Biggot* plump with lying still,
Presumes there are no bounds to curb his will.
With Saint-like look, demure, and seeming true
Hopes by's affected zeal to cheat Heav'n too,
As unsuspected as he Shams the Crew.

And thinks his Power with his Interest joyn'd
Is certainly enough to damn Mankind.

The next's a *Libertine* to whom is giv'n
As little Faith as will to Merit Heav'n ;
He no constraint can bare, no Laws endure,
But what his Sovereign pleasures shall procure.
He holds that Hell and Furies, Feinds and flames
Are all but idle, Fond, invented names,
To frighten foolish antiquated Dames,

And

And quiet Children : Whil'st with other cares
 His noddle's fill'd, these are the least he fears :
 And thinks the Pious man he sees in tears
 Is mad belike : a Hundred more there are
 Of whom we full as justly may despair.

But he that Searches into ev'ry mind
 To know the various tempers of Mankind ;
 How they'r dispos'd ; and how they disagree
 From one another as we daily see ;
 And what's th' occasion of't ; would find I fear
 His task on tryal Something too severe.

In my opinion he might e'en as well
 Pretend, by scanty Arithmetick to tell,

How many *Doctor Br——n* and *Cortex* kill
 Each Spring : or know how often pretty Miss
 (Before she tastes what Matrimony is,)
 To Fops and Fools and Coxcombs of the Town
 Has sold her Maiden-head for half a Crown.

In short I'll tell you my opinion's this,
 (Under their favour who were once call'd wise.)

Thro'

Thro' this wide Orb where e're you cast your Eye,
You no such thing as *Prudence* will descry.

All men are Mad? 'Tis true all men I own

Are not to the same pitch of Frenzy grown ;

For this they can alledge in their defence

That one has more, the other Lesser Sense.

No one e're regular Methods here obeys,

But wanders on in Wild uncertain ways,

Wherever Ignorance is pleas'd to lead ;

Observing still some beaten road to tread.

So He that travels thro' a Spacious wood,

Which above forty different paths divide,

May chance to lose his way without a guide.

Tho' you to this, and I to that, incline,

'Tis the same Error that deludes Mankind.

And he that thinks he holds the surest way,

May chance to be deceiv'd as much as they

Who wanting Council always went astray.

On wisdom each man strives (tho' ne're so dull)

To build ; and with discretion plays the fool :

Whil'st

Whilst by appearance led to judge amiss,
He takes for Virtue what indeed is Vice.

To Him I speak that fain himself would know
He's the most wise, who thinks he is not so.
Who others faults with favour passing by,
Looks on himself with a more piercing Eye;
Condemns that action cause too rash; and this
Thro' want of force seems to be done amiss.
Examins all with an impartial view.
But tell me who is to himself so true?
Who is there to find faults at home will strive?
Or if he does wont easily connive.

See'st thou the Miser how he hugs his Oar,
And starves himself i'th mid'st of all his store?
But what does he this real Madness call?
'Tis Prudence Sir, it is discretion all;
He thinks thro' this he honour may obtain,
And that all Happiness is plac'd in gain.

Now is't not wondrous strange a man should chuse

To toil and sweat for that he ne're can use,

To treasure what he dayly fears to lose?

Is not this frenzy? crys A hot brain'd Sot,

That's finding means to lavish what was got

By stingy Father, once not worth a groat.

H' expends vast Sums, he knows not where nor how,

No nor with whom, nor does he care to know,

But as they lightly came, they lightly go.

And thus the generous, giddy Soul runs on

Till his estate is seiz'd, and Fortunes gone.

Which of the two d'ye think's the greatest fool?

This has too large, that a too narrow Soul.

Two such extreams I never could approve,

And faith in me they equal pity move,

Crys prudent C———s with his Box of Dice,

Now Sir ten thousand strong, and in a trice,

Shake th' Honorable Fob the deal a fice.

And Seven or Eleven will suffice

To let him know whether he Lives or Dyes.

should

Should now blind Fortune her dear fav'rite scorn;

And losing casts Succeed upon the turn;

With fury struck his Eyes to Heav'n he'd rear,

And fret, and fume, and stamp, and sweat, and swear;

Not quite forgetting too, in all his rage

(Which luck that rais'd it, only could assuage,)

To curse himself that he did first Engage.

He storms like one possess'd : at whose complaints

Priest mumbles o're his catalogue of Saints,

To cast the Devil out that enter'd there.

They bind him fast ; for by his furious air

He seems as tho' from th' race of *Titans* Sprung,

Resolv'd to end the war they had begun,

And quite expel the Thunderer from his Throne.

Let him howe're pursue his frantick whim,

Folly alone is Punishment for him,

And great enough. Nay there are Errors too

Through which we're led by a deceitful clue ;

Which whilst they Secret charms to us impart

Our Judgment, and our reason quite subvert.

Here's

Here's S——le now that coxcomb who in spight
 Of niggard Nature and his Stars will write ;
 And tho' perhaps he Rimes, *Sir*, all the while
 In hard Expression, and a Bombast Stile,
 Frames words unus'd ; altho' there run a vein
 Of fluid Nonsense thro' his lofty strain ;
 Nay tho' theres ne're a Youngster in *Knipe's* School
 But finds him out, and laughs at the dull Fool.
 Yet He is pleas'd, and modestly beleives
 That if he with such noble fancy strives,
 He shall come nearer to *Parnassus* Hill,
 Than ever *Dryden* did or ever will.
 But after all should some judicious Bard
 Who'd taken resolution to be heard,
 Make it appear how little beauty shines
 How little strength thro' all his thund'ring Lines :
 How flat his sense, how forc'd his Rime, and show
 With what uneveness his numbers flow.
 Wou'd he not curse the day when he began
 To know he err'd ? would he not curse the man

That told him truth, while yet with raptures seizd
His Soul was with delightful *Error* pleas'd?

A *Biggot*, otherwise a man of sence
And parts, (as I'm inform'd) not far from hence,
Was by a pleasing madness seiz'd of late,
Which hov'ring o're's Enthusiastick pate,
He thought he frequently had us'd to hear
A Charming sound, just like the gentle air
Of Musick, always chiming in his Ear.
Comes a Physitian Sir in wond'rous hast
To give my Gentleman a single cast
Of's Office. With long industry and Art
Having successfully perform'd his part,
Come Sir ten Guineas are the least you'l give ;
Under my hands a man ne're better thrive.
The *Biggot* in a passion from his seat
Arose, and cry'd, curs'd be thy damn'd receipt
Copied in some *Infernal Scrawl* for thee,
To make the sad Experiment on me.

Still

Still I'd been happy were it not for this,

A State of Errour is a State of bliss.

Begone I say, and no entreaties move.

Nor can I the rough answer disapprove,

For since I must my sentiments declare,

Of all the great misfortunes that we bare,

Of all the Tyrant Ills we suffer here,

That very thing which grave men *Reason* call,

A noble guide, is much the worst of all.

Reason 'tis thou that dost disturb our joy,

That never, never, but for Thee would cloy.

For if we're fated, and do change the Scene,

'Tis because thou didst rudely intervene.

When I would give a loose, you ready stand

Behind with an importunate demand,

And when I'm Eager bid me hold my hand:

Thou that harsh *Governante* whisperst in my Ear,

Cease to do this. And that creates my fear.

But for all that the dreaming Sots in vain

O're all our senses place *Thee* Sovereign.

20 *The Fourth S A T Y R, &c.*

In vain they make *Thee* a divinity,

And by thy favour think to mount the Sky.

'Tis *She* say they that to us precepts gives,

By which we learn the conduct of our lives.

Certain I am, let them say what they please,

The greatest *Fool* enjoys the greatest ease.

THE

THE SEVENTH

SATYR

OF

Monsieur BOILEAU,

IMITATED.

P Rithy (*dear Muse*) let's change the usual strain.
 For why in so Satyrical a vein
 (Tho' Coxcombs do abound) should we complain?
 Since we are free methinks we should not chuse
 So Ill an Office, as it is t' abuse.
 He that writes thus and fain would witty seem,
 Buys but contempt, not purchases esteem.

And the sharp jest at which the Reader grins,
Has made the Scoffing Poet rub his shins,
And oft cry Damn it, let *Him* laugh that wins.

A tedious *Panegyrick* dully writ,
Fears not the Censures of the men of Wit,
Dispos'd of in some corner of the Shop,
Or else translated to the Garret top,
Securely there amongst the Rubbish lies ;
And now all harms but dust and worms defies.
But a keen Satyrist that's full of spight,
And by malicious talent taught to Bite ;
Whilst he presumes his too facetious way
Of railing ever was allow'd, and may ;
All those that read him over, tho' they must
Acknowledge what is writ, is true, and just :
They'll damn the Writer, with him doubly curst.
What is too *home*, will grate the Ear I own,
And a too naked truth alarms the Town.
For there is ne're a one that views this glass,
But without Flattery must see his Face.

There-

Therefore in vain these Methods we pursue,
 Have we no famous *Hero* in our view,
 Whose warlike Acts we may with praise extoll,
 And in eternal Verse his name enrol?
 But I can this to others better teach
 Than put in practice; 'tis above my reach;
 My Flagging Muse durst never soar so high,
 Unable all his Virtues to discry,
 Unworthy to relate: in vain it seems
 I bite my nails, and Scratch my pate for Rhimes,
 With all the Raptures, Extasies and whims,
 As Poets use when pregnant noddle teems.
 In harsher strains I should be forc'd to sing,
 Than *Ya* — in praises a *Victorious King*.
 But when I'd rail I've all things at command,
 And kind *Apollo* still assists my hand.
 Rhime, Verse, and matter I with ease produce,
 While numerous words stand crowding for my use;

Suppose a perjur'd Villain I'd discribe,
 Here's *Oats* of's own accord, without a bribe,
 The greatest of the whole forswearing tribe.
 If of an Eminent Fool my Muse wou'd treat,
 Heres *B——ry* ; if of as Eminent a cheat
 Here' *C——by* I'm sure will do the feat.
 Or if you'd have a dabler in Rime,
 A trifler with the Muses and his time ;
 Theres *D—fy*, *R—en—ft*, and *G—ld*, and *Cr—n*,
S—le, *D—nn*, *R—er*, *P—is*, and for one
 I want, a Thousand I can write you down.
 Having hit right I tacitely rejoice,
 And hug my self for such a prudent choice.
 In vain I try to stem the Furious tide
 Of my hot Passion, and my rashness chide ;
 In vain this Fellows faults I would conceal
 Because he is my Friend ; nor His reveal
 Because a worthy Seat he's us'd to fill ;
 My too impartial *Muse* would take it ill.

For whensoever my raptures first begin
 To sease my Soul, and I grow warm within.
 I strictly all examine, sure to know
 Whether *all's Fish that comes to th' net or no.*
 Howe're of merit I am tender still,
 And never that offend but 'gainst my will.
 But ev'ry arrant Fop pulls down my Hate,
 And may seem justly to deserve the Fate
 That I intend him; whilst with vigorous course
 Where're he takes his Flight I trace him close.
 The deep mouth'd *Hound* more warmly don't pursue
 Nor with more speed, *the full blown Dear at view.*
 Without time lost I can with greatest ease
 Patch up a Rime to any words I please;
 Sometimes I write with careless Air, and loose,
 And cloath my Verse in an ill natur'd prose:
 Observing measure, number I transgress,
 And if in ought I do excell, 'tis this.
 And for that reason resolution take,
 Were Death here ready, and my life at stake,

Altho propitious Heav'n would kindly grant
 A long and easy course, and free from want,
 Prepair ith' *Country* or in *Town* a Seat,
 Where I might either *private* live or *great* ;
 That I hence forward quietly sat down,
 In spite of Fops and Fools should hold my tongue.
 Tho' all the World expected I should chuse
 The great reprieve with thanks ; I would refuse ;
 Rich, poor, severe, or gay, what e're Disguise
 My Temper bore, still I would Satyrise.

Poor Soul crys one dost thou not pity find,
 That thou'rt to furious transports thus inclin'd ?
 As thy sure fate this boyling ranchor Dread,
 By some four fumes of Melancholy bred.
 Shun it I say, for fear that one of those
 Whom you in Satyr have decreed t' Expose,
 Should some way take to cool thy raging blood,
 And make thee write again if thou think'st good.

Pray tell me how ? how did *Lucilius* write
 And *Horace* too, both arm'd with equall spight ?

When

When to unmask the lurking vice each page
 Revenging vertues cause, did swell with rage,
 Endeav'ring to discountenance the sinning age.

And what did *Juvenal*? was he hot or rash,
 Because he kept all *Rome* within his lash?
 He neither spar'd the men, nor fear'd their curse
 But Spoke aloud, and yet far'd ne're the worse.
 Now what have I to fear pray all this while?
 Who is't that knows my name? or who my stile?
 I write but little, nor intend to vie,
 With *F---no*; nor with emulation try,
 Who writes the largest Volume He or I.
 Sometimes (with much ado) whate're I've writ
 To a Friends view or so I can commit;
 To one perhaps that's minded to be gay,
 And seems to love a strain that runs this way.
 Perhaps he Flatters, and with smiling air
 Looks pleas'd, & laughs, when his too conscous Ear
 Tells him that this himself may justly fear.

28 *The Seventh S A T Y R, &c.*

Howe're from this I will not move an ace,
'Tis here I mighty Satisfaction place;
I can't speak well, nor can I hold my peace.
For if I ought ridiculous can find,
The bringing of it forth will ease my mind.
Th' impetuous torrent of my Soul must go,
And if beyond the banks its Waters flow,
On they will run whether I will or no.

PRE-

PREDESTINATION.

WHy, *Dick*, should you whimper and whine at
this Rate,

Or keep such a coil about you know not what?

Wipe your Eyes man, your tears will ne're mollifie fate.

You abuse Madam Fortune and call her damnd whore,
Inconstant Bitch, Jade, and a thousand names more,
Than ever the *Sophy* or *Grand Signior* bore.

But it seems You are out: For she cannot be kinder
Tho' she would; since Fate's will does so shakle and
bind her,

And with *Pradeftination* tyes her hands quite behind her.

Look where a poor Wit fits o'rerun with vermin,
While Clod pates, & *Marr-alls*, sleep at Church in their
Ermin,

And Blockheadly Fools have their lacquey's and chair-
men.

There's

There's a Sturdy old *Brittain* who has been in the wars,
 And thirty years stickled in National jars,
 Yet has nothing to show for his pains, but his Scars.

Take a turn o're the water, you'll see some *Man-beers*,
 That have drunk, slept, and cheated but one dozen
 years,

As greasy as chandlers, and as wealthy as Peers.

And now if you can shew me what Obligation
 Fortune has to be kind to these men or that Nation,
 Unless you'll confess 'tis all *Predestination*.

But perhaps you are going among these *Holl-anders*,
 And design to be one of those worthy Commanders,
 That fight for their pay and Religion in *Flanders*.

Yet before you march off, y' had as good take advice
 Of your Stars; for from them you may learn in a trice,
 Whether Fate has ordain'd you shall perish or rise.

In her Power are all things and the better to show it,
 She made *Hewson* a Coll'nel, and *D——fy* a Poet,
 Bid *N——on* fight duels and *Sir Novelty* beaux it.

Some say time is swift but those men that mind him
(Howe're he pretends that he ne're looks behind him,)
Will shew you how Fate to one round has confind him.

They'll tell you long storys of causes, whose End,
If once they agree on the matter in hand,
(Whether *Jove's* pleas'd or no) must their motions
attend.

Why then do we thus, (since 'twon't stand us in stead)
The approaching ill view, with more horror and dread,
Than a *Welshman* would see the blood drop from his
head.

Bid adieu, my Freind, here to fond sighs and vain tears,
Keep your mirth to your self, send the *Dutchmen* your
cares;

Since th'ave got all our coin, let 'em keep all our fears.

Mahomet's PARADICE. A N O D E.

T Was nobly taught, and like the man that knew
What to Sov'raign *sense* was due;
Like one that long had fought a Scheme to find,
Whose common tyes might reach all Human kind.
In men it shew'd him deeply read
To find they all in this agreed;
That, whate're those of rigid Morals preach,
Sensuall delight is Nature's utmost reach.

He saw his tares would all their seed out grow,
And the Event has prov'd it so.

He try'd the Soil, nor doubted it would bare,
The pleasant crop of vice he planted there.

With strength it rose, and spread apace
Thro' a numerous Warlike race,
To him with joy, the giddy Vulgar flew ;
Who gave 'em leave to sin, and to be ign'rant too.

Hope (the mind's anchor and afflictions cure,
By which we bravely ills endure,
Hope, which inflames the bold with generous heat,
And makes the Victor resolutely great,)

With such rewards he does incite,
Such charming prospects of delight,
As none, who (like his happy followers) know
The various sweets of Beauty ; can forgo.

Methinks I view the Mighty scene of Joy,
Feasting there my longing Eye ;
Here a fair crowd of dazling Nymphs I see,
From envious time and ages malice free.

No clouds there sky, or thoughts o're cast,
But day and love for ever last.

Whilst Sparkling Eyes thence bannish care and night,
At once dispencing Flames, and everlasting light.

There a gay troop of lustly Lovers move,
Whose business and reward is Love.
In whom remembrance sweetens all thats past,
And fierce desire provokes the future tast :

Both Sexes shine with equal grace,
And now they meet, and now embrace,
Till wishes are compleat, and they enjoy
Pleasures that never change ; yet never cloy.

Enjoyment here its wretched self undoes ;
And what we get by it, we loose :
No sooner is the Short-liv'd pleasure done,
But strait the transitory nothings gone.

But there how blest are th' charming *Shes*
With mines whose wealth can ne're decrease
Like *Fortunatus's* are their Lovers gains ;
They use the Virgin Treasure, yet it still remains,
Here

Here only the *Imposter* was to blame,

That he to one confin'd their flame.

Great were the blessings he on Earth bestow'd,

Greater had been to come; had He allow'd

What his Successour has below;

Each man his own *Seraglio*.

The fiction then had bore a higher price,

And change of pleasures, made it *Paradise*.

On the Pope's Toe.

O Ur Saviours feet when *Mary* kist; with tears
She wash't e'm clean, then wip'd e'm with her
hairs.

And curious Trav'lers when to *Rome* they goe

To kifs for fashion th' *Holy Fathers* Toe;

Wish that some Damsel would that task renew,

And the same office for his *Vicar* do.

TO
DORINDA
FROM
Monsieur De VOITURE.

CHarming *Dorinda* when you sing,
My ravish'd Soul is on the wing,
Yet here's You out, and won't be gone.
It quits all senses but the Ear.
That, *that* more perfectly may hear,
It joyns the force of all the five in one.

Sing treacherous *Sirenes* and detain
The Traveller with pleasing pain,

And

And make him court the fate he'd shun :
However be what will His choice,
Dorinda boasts a sweeter voice ;
And they that lissen to't no danger run,

If Fortune should be long unkind,
And sow'r the temper of the mind,
Her Song deludes th' ungrateful thought.
For then, who ever can't enjoy
A perfect ease without alloy ;
He ne're will find it, and it can't be bought.

Whate're the *Nightingal* in Spring
Or *Swan* before its death can sing ;
And all the feather'd quire too :
Nay *Orpheus* Harp, *Amphion's* Lute,
And all things else without dispute,
Must humbly yeild the Victory to You.

The grateful Musick of the Spheres,
 And what great Jove at Banquets hears,
 When kind Apollo Strikes the Strings:
 The comforts of the *beauteous Nine*
 Are none so sweet, nor so divine,
 As when *Dorinda*, dear *Dorinda* Sings.

THE

THE
Fiftieth EPIGRAM
OF
MARTIAL
IMITATED.

Daphnonas, Platonas &c.

Written to one who had a Fine SEAT.

Here rows of Lawrel in just order set,
Defend the walks from the Sun's parching
heat :

There lofty planes their growing branches spread,
At once the places ornament and shade :

Yonder thick cypress forms a silent grove,

A fit retreat for sorrow and for Love.

Rich in perfumes your many baths afford

A sweet refreshment to their weary'd Lord ;

High rais'd a stately *Portico* there stands,

The noble work of some great Artist's hands.

Where marble Pillars do the roof support,

And shining jaspars pave the inner Court.

Hard by a Spacious *Hippodrome* we see,

Where the swift racers strive for Victory.

From thence we hear how with a pleasing sound,

The murmuring streams glide gently through the
ground.

How nature taught to vary notes by Art

In different accents Musick does impart.

Yet where we find this Beauty, and this state,

(Such are the miseries which on riches wait)

Places are wanting where to Sleep, and Eat.

If this be greatness be it far from me ;

Let me but sleep and eat in Poverty,

I'll sigh no more; no more will envy those,
Who real blessings for a shadow lose.

S O N G.

DID but *Dorinda* sigh for me
 Whilst at Her feet I dye;
The Sun in's course should never see
 A happier Swain then I.

But ah! without concern she views
 The anguish of my heart,
And void of pity does refuse
 To ease the cruel Smart.

Too partial fate! that did ordain
 The cruel Fair should have,
A Tyrant's power to kill with pain,
 Without a will to save.

'Tis just they quench who raise desire

Or else why have they charms:

A Lover no where should Expire

But in His Beautie's arms.

TO

TO
 The Right HONOURABLE,
 THE
 EARL
 OF
 NORTHAMPTON.

AS we, when wistly we the infant view,
 The tracts of ancient Features do pursue,
 Which from the Parents face kind Nature drew :
 Or when we some times tho' but rarely trace
 The lines, that did the Father's Father grace :
 Whilst we're His image viewing in the Child,
 Just thus (we cry) he look'd, and thus he smild.

Just

Just so (*my Lord*) when ever I would see
 What 'tis that all men call *Nobility*,
 In what it does consist, and how it shone
 When those that did deserve it put it on;
 I have recourse to you: In You alas
 I can alone perceive what once it was,
 For you alone like your brave Fathers are,
 And do not only *Arms* and *Titles* share,
 (For if from 'Scutcheon you a greatness Sought,
 'Twould be because it was without a blot.)
 But all their noble qualities retain,
 Heir to their virtues, left without a stain,
 And kept; You're free, not lavish; great not vain;
 Nor yet familiar, condescending too;
 Skill'd where Respect's to be receiv'd, where due;
 In others I but view the poor remains
 Of all that stock of Honour, which the pains
 Of their illustrious *Ancestors* procur'd:
 You have not only what was left secur'd,

But

But by your Real worth encreas'd the store,
Which justly might be thought compleat before.
In Them, their too degenerate Souls at best,
Seem in a meaner mould to have been cast,
Whom with their *Fathers* when compar'd, we find
A faint resemblance stamp'd upon their mind,
And may expect they'l leave a fainter still behind.
In you th' Impression's easie to be seen,
And such is your Majestick air, and Mein,
Your Presence such ; that tho' we did not know
You nobly born ; yet we should think you so.

Tho' others then in this great duty fail,
While the vile custom can't on you prevail,
To teint the vein that's hither purely run ;
By your Great Self to be continu'd on ;
We'll See the *Fathers* glories in the Son.

*To a LADY that Drinks no-
thing but Water.*

When our *First Parents* new created
In *Eden* dwelt, 'tis true, my Dear,

They nothing drank but Water.

But that poor liquor has been hated

Since *France* made Wine, and *England* beer,

By all that e're came after.

But you it seems a sober Woman

Fully resolve pure stream to drink,

And be another *Eve*:

Yet I dare swear you'll meet with no man,

Who this a point of Faith will think

Your doctrine to beleive.

Brimmers will all your reasons banter,

For they their wonted rounds will move,

How'ever you may barr it,

Since (as I think) there is a * *Ranter*,

* Terence *sine*
Cerere et Baccho
friget Venus.

Does positively say, that Love

Grows cold without good Claret.

I needs must tell you then (to Lovers

If drinking water you prescribe)

This for your comfort Madam ;

After the Mode of Jewish rovers,

You must e'en wed in your own tribe

Or you'll scarce find an *Adam*.

*To a Lady whose Name was formerly
Scroup now Pitts, having seen her Pi-
cture in the Gallery at Hampton-Court.*

M^{Adam,}

Tho' in our Hemisphere

The stars all glorious appear,

Yet some there are that do the rest out shine:

So here all seem to be of form Divine;

Yet there are graces which I view

More peculiarly in You.

Oh! that like *Paris* I were bid

The controverſie to decide,

Freely my ſentiments I would declare.

Tho' DORSET *Pallas*; MONMOUTH *Juno* were;

THOU *Venus*, ſtill ſhouldeſt be to me

The Faireſt Goddess of the Three.

TO

TO THE

SEVEN

Lords Justices.

May it please Your LORDSHIPS.

WHen Ancient *Greece* the famous SEVEN obey'd
 To her the admiring world their homage
 Paid ;

Wond'ring to See diff'rent professions joyn'd;
 And Arts with Arms successfully combin'd :
 Her friends with pleasure saw her grandure rais'd,
 Praising the state, and envying while they prais'd ;
 Her Foes beheld her rise, and thence with fear
 Presag'd their tottering Empire's fall was near.
 E With

With like amazement Forreign Nations view
This happy Isle Govern'd (*My Lords*) by You.
The glad *Confederates* hence foretell afar,
The prosperous *exit* of a doubtfull War ;
And rich in mighty Hopes of future Spoils,
Already reap the fruit of all their toils.
While our *Great Hero* amidst dangers brave,
Resolves to lose his Life, or *Europe* save ;
You manage all things with that prudent care,
That *Gallick* courage now submits to fear ;
And haughty *Lewis* droops, enrag'd to find
The Prince abroad, such virtue left behind.
In vain He there attempts the Monarchs doom :
In vain base Villains do the same at home.
Since should His aim (forbid it Heav'n) succeed,
Or *Cesar* by conspiring Traytors bleed :
Your Councils would oppose th' invading tide,
And widdow'd *Albion* to safe harbour guide :
This your past lives assure : *Each Noble Soul*
That knows how to obey, knows how to Rule.

To a LADY that impos'd Silence upon me.

M *Adam,*

I own when first that Face I view'd
 With silent wonder struk, amaz'd I stood ;
 Unable to declare with what surprize
 I saw, and seeing, felt Your conquering Eyes.
 Till by degrees recov'ring sense, I found
 My bleeding Heart pierc'd with a fatal wound :
 I search'd it well, and by my danger knew
 The killing shaft could come from none but You :
 Yet fear of being scorn'd a while surpris'd
 The anxious secret in my tortur'd breast.
 At last the cruel pains I underwent,
 Forc'd me to give the lab'ring Passion vent.
 But *Silence*, You relentless Fair, impose.
 And unconcern'd my heart would have me lose ;

Unheard condemn me, and with cold disdain
Reject my suit, and cry you plead in vain.
No *Tyrant* sure was ever known before
T' inflict so much, no Heart to suffer more.
Others, when stubborn Traytors dare conceal
Truths, it concerns the state they shou'd reveal ;
Send 'em the tortures of the Rack to feel :
Till sense of hurt does from the sufferer's breast,
By hopes of gain unmov'd, the secret wrest.
Severer You see me to racks confin'd,
Yet still forbid me to disclose my mind.
But if you are resolv'd I shall obey,
And due allegiance to your orders pay ;
My faithful service with possession Crown,
And give me leave to think your Heart my own.
Then wond'ring I shall stand, amaz'd to find
Beyond my hopes the Charming *Celia* kind.
Then to your arms a *Silent guest* I'll come,
Excess of Happiness, will strike me dumb.

A N
I N S C R I P T I O N

Upon a Letter Case.

NO Memorandum, or Receipt,
 No Challenge where and when to meet,
 Was e're (*dear case*) contain'd in YOU.
 In You no bill of Fifty pound,
 But what is more there may be found,
 My dear *Lucinda's Billet-doux*.

'Tis only you, and I, and She,
 Know what passes 'tween us three:
 If as she writes She seems to sigh,
 And her tender passion own;
 All this (*dear confident*) is known,
 To only you, and She, and I.

Yet if a cold disdain o'respread
Her lines, I unconcern'd will Read;
Nor care a Fart if that *She* know.
But only *You*, and I, (ne're fear)
Can tell, when I go *you know where*,
That I will use 'em *you know how*.

A

*A LETTER to a Gentleman
that advis'd him to make the
Campaigne in Flanders.*

S I R,

CUSTOM ('tis true) the younger Brothers foe,
Has made my fortunes for my mind to low ;
To noble acts my soaring thoughts aspire.

Tho' sense of want would check the Gen'rous fire.

Like the brave *Macedon*, I grieve to know

That those great Ancestours to whom I owe

This heat, have nothing left for me to do.

'Tis this (dear Friend) that makes me wish my fate

Had doom'd me to a plentiful estate,

For whilst of such supports I stand in need ;

Altho' my inclinations strongly lead,

Tho' you advise whose counsels guide my Soul,

Whose sov'raign will does my resolves controul,

Forgive me that I scruple to obey
Commands, which on me your Entreaties lay.
Since having weigh'd the matter I foresee,
The Camp is no fit station Sir for me.
Not that to Coward fears my Spirits yield,
Or that I dread the horrors of the field.
No, tho' in thousand shapes grim Death I view,
Still to my own and Country's honor true,
I'd face the Tyrant: in the glorious strife,
Resolv'd to win the prize, or lose my life.
By our great *Monarch's* irresistible might
Taught, I could bear the heat of all the fight,
And like him too approaching dangers slight.
Assur'd with *Scava*, Conquering *Cesar's* praise
A live or dead my daring Acts should raise.

But this deters me, that unknown at Court
I want that Interest, which does those support
Who buy Commissions cheaper then with Scars ;
And get Estates by Flattering, and the Wars.

No cringing Courtier I can bribe, to tell
How oft I've charg'd the *French-man*, and how well;
How I the shock at *Landen* did endure:
Or bravely stood my ground before *Namur*:
'Till mov'd by him the generous Collonel deigns
With the next Colours to reward my pains.
Unable, and unwilling this to give,
A simple *Cadet* I may always live,
Condemn'd to raggs, and scarcely worth a groat;
'Till to my breast chance guides the lucky shot,
Which rids me of a heavy load of care,
Timely preventing frenzy or despair.
Besides that Splendid Equipage I want,
In which young *Officers* are us'd to Flaunt;
Nor shall I e're be master of those Arts
Which please the giddy crowd, and win their hearts;
In gaudy Plumes let those who like 'em shine,
I hate to be what vulgar Souls call *Fine*;
Dawb'd with gold lace, and fringe while others go
Trick't up like puppets for a publick show:

Still

Still plain, and awkward as my Self, my Cloaths
Put on without a *Valet* would expose
Me to the Scoffs of fleering *Fops* and *Beaux*.
And who could bare to hear a Coward cry
He's a meer Country Bubble, *let me dye*.
Lard how he looks like a spruce Cit in red,
In martial posture at his Train-bands head :
Yet this and more with patience I must take,
Or in one day as many quarrels make,
As Jealous *At——ns* in a twelvemonths time
Maintains to vindicate his *Ladies* crime :
Which would my peaceful temper thwart as much
As small bear drinking, goes against the *Dutch* :
Therefore because for ev'ry Idle word
I think it nonsense to unsheath my Sword,
Amongst the brisk young *Duelists* of the time,
I must be held forsooth a man of Flegm,
Most Stoically grave, and at the best
A common Subject for their common jest.

These are my hindrances, and these you see
Will never let the *Camp* and me agree,
Urge me not then : for I would rather choose
To serve that worst of Jilts a *Hackney Muse* ;
A *Farse* more vile than *Cr——ns* or *D——fy's* write ;
Or *Satyr* which like harmless *G——lds* should bite ;
Nay doom'd to *Doggrel*, and old *Sterholds* stile,
Three story high in *Grub-street* let me toyl :
Forc'd a whole week on my own nails to feed,
And earn with wretched Rhimes my Sundays bread.
Or what is worse like *Og——by* translate,
Till *Chandlers Shops*, and *Kitchens* be my fate ;
Rather then in the *Camp* pursuing Fame,
Sit down at last with Poverty and Shame.

Yours &c.

TO
SYLVIANA
FROM
BEDLAM.

June the 13th. 1696.

GO Nymph, who the Sun
Do'st Excel, and the Moon,
And the Stars; and put all in a hurry.
Let each conquering charm
Ten thousand alarm,
Turn the globe into Madness and Fury.

See

See at ev'ry turn
How I rage and I burn;
How I flash with an ardent desire:
Do but see how I stare,
How my Eyes roll and glaze,
As if all was within set on fire.

Oh! where are the waves
That will cool him that raves
And not make him hotter then ever?
Send me Your Ice and Snow
That so cold makes You grow,
And instead of it, take you my Feaver.

Or else Goddess dart
All thy rays at my heart,
At my Grate let your light'ning enter:
Your thunder too roll
To my languishing Soul,
And rend it away from it's center.

Come

Come fears and dispares

Ye amorous cares ;

Raise no more, but extinguish desire :

Come numerous ills

Far weightier still,

That will suddenly make me expire.

If all these will not kill

Here, tell me what will,

The *fair ones* themselves procure me:

Or the ugly and old

For as I've been told

They'l certainly certainly cure me.

But if I'd be at rest

With a calm serene breast,

To fresh straw I must have my recourse :

And not trouble my brains

That I'm kept in these chains,

Whil'st they'r easier, and lighter then Yours.

To a LADY in an Undress.

WHy *Galatea* should You fly
Because undress'd, a Lover's Eye?

Is it that you think my heart
Wants those little helps of Art
Which others use, to keep it Yours?
What tho' dress some men allures
Yet is Your *Thirsis* none of those
Who love a woman for her cloaths:
Those charms to which The *Slave* you owe,
Have power to make him always so.
Essence, powder, painting, patches,
Velvets, Laces, Gawzes, washes;
And all the numerous catalogue
Of Female trinkets now in vogue,
Can never make your features show
Half so ravishing as now.

The envious clowd of drefs away;
We fee a brighter, clearer Day,
(Then e're was known before to shine)
In thofe beauteous Orbs of Thine.
I burn I burn for who can bare
(Nothing between) the Sun fo near:
Inform me *Deareft*, do I fee
Some Goddeffs in thy shape, or **THEE**.
With fuch a charming Mein and grace,
Such lovely limbs, and fuch a Face,
On *Id'as* plains the *Queen of Love*
For *Discord's* golden apple ftrove:
And naked to the Sheapheards view
Did all her hidden beauties shew,
In that alone furpaffing You.

T O

BELINDA,

T H A T

*Wrote him Word She was Sick
of a Fever.*

WAs it for this we with impatience pray'd,
To see an answer from the Lovely Maid,
Cursing those lazy hours which all our joys delay'd?
But oh! ye hours that you had been more slow;
And let us this a little later know.
For who that does these doleful accents hear
(*Belinda's sick*) The fatal ill can bear?

So Merchants who to *India's* distant shoar
Send all that wealth their toyls have gain'd before,
In hopes to turn it into shining Oar,
Wait at the Port ; hoping to learn from some,
When the expected Cargo Sails for home.
But if by chance some Messenger arrive,
Who saw, and did the common wreck survive.
Themselves and Chance they blame, and fain would
then
They had more happy, or less curious been.
Yet who would think the Virtuous and the Fair
(Virtue and Love are Heav'n's peculiar care,)
One common fate should with the vulgar share ?
Is't not enough they keep love's vestal fire,
And burn in mutual flames of chaste desire,
Unless hot Feavers raging in their blood
Add fire to fire, and dry the vital flood ?
Cruel disease, elsewhere thy power employ,
The old and ugly let thy flames destroy.

upon several occasions:

67

Belinda spare: nor with malicious skill

At once the Virgin, and the Lover kill.

But oh! I fear, like us thou do'st admire,

And triumphst in her veins with rival fire:

Assaulting still her Heart with fresh supplys,

Resolv'd from all to bear the Glorious prize.

So *Jove* to *Semele's* Embraces came

Burning with more then a kind Lover's flame,

And by enjoying, kill'd the matchless dame.



*Intimating the Ladies desire not
to be known,*

FROM

Monsieur De VOITURE.

WRITTEN TO

DORINDA.

I Burn, I burn, but dare not name
The charming She that rais'd the flame;
Your virtues to I must conceal:
For if I speak of You at all,
I surely shall discover all,
And might as well Your name reveal.

Should

Should I but say Your Nature's pride;
And that in all the World beside
There is not one that reigns Like You,
Like You subdues: don't all men know
What to your sov'raign charms they owe,
And where their adoration's due.

Or if I say when winter comes
And kills the plants, and nips the blooms,
And makes a change in ev'ry thing;
That still in you the blushing rose,
The lilly too themselves disclose.
They'd cry, that there's eternal Spring.

Or if I say that in your Eyes
An *Archer* close in ambush lies,
That Stoops to conquer such as *Jove*.
As if our humble hearts below
Were all too mean: would, they not know
That thou wer't this great Soul of Love?

Should I Your wit and Judgment praise,
And those perfections strive to raise,
I could not give 'em half their due.
Yet still the crowd amaz'd would bless
Themselves to hear't; and strait confess,
They only could unite in You.

I'll say how great's Your Soul, how wise,
That fortune neither courts, nor flies.
How bravely too it ill endures.
Would not the *spacious Circle* tell,
That no such Soul would daign to dwell
In any Form, but one like Yours?

But now Suppose I Should omit
Your charms of Beauty and of wit,
And tell your cringing Servile train
How great a Tyrant You are grown;
And that their Service You disown;
That all their tears are shed in vain,

To

Or if I say that You can save
A Poor, despairing, captive Slave,
Whose heart *another* did subdue;
Tho' he from You must nought expect;
But the cold favour of neglect;
Would not the world cry out 'twas You?

T O
DORINDA
Watering a Garden.

THe Scorching Sun with too much heat decays
Those Flowers and plants, his kinder beams
did raise.

So flames of love if gentle, make us gay;
But when too furious, on our vitals pray;
From the suns malice you can them defend,
And to their roots Supplys of moisture lend.

While by loves heat unhappy *Damon* dyes,
 Consum'd in flames that kindled at Your Eyes:
 In vain Fair Nymph by the same means you strive
 To Save the drooping Youth and make him live.
 Your tears will ne're protect him from their rage.
 Only Your burning too can his assuage.

S O N G.

I Adore You'tis true,
 And no woman but You,
 Yet *Dorinda* You must not repine.

That some hours I lend
 To my Bottle and Friend,
 And sacrifice Love to good wine.

I shall ne're side with those
 Who with sighs, tears, and oaths,
 Talk of languishing, burning, and dying:

Who

Who sincerity place
In affected grimace,
And build their cheif merit on lying.

Yet I laugh at all such
Who will tope like the Dutch,
For the sake of the Liquor they drink ;

While they only propose
To obtain a red nose,
With the loss of their time and their chink.

Those only are wise
Who both equally prize :
But refuse to be Servant to either :

Who by friendly compliance,
In sacred alliance
Joyn *Cupid* and *Bacchus* together.

For when ever they meet
 All our Joys are compleat,
 And our jollity ne're can expire :

They our faculties charm,
 And us mutually warm,
 Whilst each from the other takes fire.

T O
 C L O R I S

On Her Dream.

Visions of Old were *sacred* thought,
 As messages from Heav'n brought,
 By which men how to act were taught.

By them were Oracles convey'd,
 By them the greatest Monarchs sway'd,
 Their dictates all the wise obey'd.

Then

Then *Cloris* never blush to find
Your self in dreams to him so kind,
Whom fate has ever Yours design'd;

What tho' with all Love's treasure blest
Upon Your snowy panting breast,
He seems his wearied self to rest;

And in Your Arms those joys receive
Which none but charms like Yours can give,
Often Dying but to live.

Tho' You the Lovely Boy embrace,
And with a secret pleasure trace
The shining glories of his face,

Then joyn your glowing cheeks to his,
And with an eager lover's kiss,
Clasp him close and feel his bliss,

Till

Till he transported seem to say,
Like *Jove* could I keep back the day,
And make the sun his rise delay,

Three nights should not suffice for me,
In one I would joyn three times three,
And dedicate 'em all to Thee.

To Thee, whose charms if *Jove* had known,
In some bright form H' had left his throne,
T' obey a power above his own.

The *Cretans*, vain Idolatrie
He had refus'd ; and worship'd Thee,
A much more glorious Deity.

Yet fear not that these thoughts Exceed
Those modest bounds, Heav'n has decreed
The virtuous of Your Sex shall tread.

No; fairest, no ; they mean no Ill
But Love by them declares his will,
That You, what they fortell, fullfill.

THE
H U E and C R Y
AFTER A
H E A R T.

W Hile on the Flow'ry banks I Sate,
Where Nature does herself display,
Lamenting my too rigid fate
In that my *heart* wat gone astray,

Armida soon surpris'd me there.

Ar. What *Strephon* all alone, and sad?

St. My *Heart* is gone I know not where.

Nor where another's to be had.

And

And since 'tis gone pray bare a part
Of all the sorrow I sustain
For if I lose my *subject heart*,
Where will the fare *Armida* reign?

Ar. *Armida*, Swain, has hearts enough
Subdu'd by charms unknown,
And one She could impart to You
But that You'l lose it like Your own.

Lucilla came ; and thus she wept,
Lu. A heart I've lost as well as You.
Had *they* been by each other Kept
To us they'd constant been, and true.

This morn, when lying on my bed,
I wonder'd why I did not sigh.
All my soft, amorous cares were fled
Away, yet still I knew not why.

At length I found my heart was gone,
That us'd those thoughts to entertain.
I first beleiv'd I was undone,
Yet did not wish it here again.

A happiness I thought twould prove
To be thus free: but found too soon
I was for nought design'd but *Love*:
Fit for that ~~great~~ employ alone.

Whether oh ! whether could it goe ?
I cryd, to be contemn'd, or lov'd ?
But now too sensibly I know
It sympathetically rov'd.

St. I would ten thousand kisses give
To her that finds: (*Lu.*) then no regard
Be had to mine, 'tis yours I'll strive
To find, in hopes of the reward.

At last the kind *Dorinda* came
 Far brighter than the Early day:
 Is this your *Heart*? (cry'd she) for fame
 Reported that Yours fled away.

St. With arrows 'tis disfigur'd so
 I know not by the outward frame,
 Whether the *Heart* is mine or no.
 The wounds assure me 'tis the same.

The very same: *Dorinda* tell,
 Hard by what gentle murmuring stream
 It lay, or in what lonely Cell,
 Awake, or in a softer dream.

Do. *Strephon*, d'ye know *Lucinda's* grove,
 Where kind *Amyntas* us'd to come,
 And be a rival in Your Love?

St. I know the place you mean, and whom.

Do. There was it hov'ring round about,
Then perch'd on high for better view.

Lucinda turn'd, and found it out,
And from her Eyes an arrow threw :

Fluttering a while, like wounded thrush
Whose wing just touch'd by fatal shot,
Leaps up and down from bush to bush.
And after all away it Got.

I still pursu'd it with a glance
And saw it to the fountain rove,
Where tender Nymphs had us'd to dance.
I b'lieve to quench it's flames of Love.

Diana with her Nymphs was there,
And each disclos'd an amorous Soul ;
They each pretended to a share,
For beauty each deserv'd the whole.

Goddeſs cry'd I the pray reſign,
 With forty darts I pierc'd it thro'.
 The only time I made it mine,
 And now I come, and bring it You.

St. Ah! Nymph why waſt thou ſo ſevere?
 Can *that* ſo many darts endure?

Do. Oh! theſe are *Pelian darts*, my Dear,
 And what they wound, they cure.

Thus what I've conquer'd I reſtore,
 Here take it gentle ſwain.

St. No keep it, give it me no more,
 For I ſhall loſe't again.

Do. If I keep Yours, *Strephon*, accept of mine,
 To You my heart I perfectly reſign.
 Ne're fear its being loſt: Your Nymph aſſures,
 That can't be any bodys elſe but Yours.

*To a Freind in the Country, who
desir'd him to send him the
News.*

A Midst the hurry of the busy Town
Where I can Scarcely call one hour My own,
Where all those noisy hindrances I find,
That discompose a serious, thoughtful mind;
You tell me I must write; and let you know
How things at *London* since your absence go.
What fashions are new-started, and from whence:
Whether of *English* growth, or sent from *France*.
What recreations are in vogue, what Plays
Censorious Criticks damn, and what they praise.
Who fights for who; and what admiring Beaux
In lamentable Song, or senseless prose
Their passions to Your *Celia* do disclose.

In fine You'd ha'me send you all the News
Private, or Publick Letters can produce.

And the whole Catalogue of lies recite
Which *Baldwin* prints, or *Pyke* and *Dyer* write.

Excuse me Sir, if all you want is this,
I needs must tell you that you ask amiss.
All this and more is to your *Barbour* known,
He hears when, where, and how all things are done.
Verst ith' *Arcana* of each neighbouring state,
As well as if he manag'd the debate,
And *President* in ev'ry council fate.
Ask him what *Buffleurs* do's at *Leige* design,
When cautious *Catinat* invests *Turin*,
Or how *Joyeux* will act upon the *Rhine*;
Where *Nesmond* Sails: What'er you'd wish to learn
That *Europe's* present welfare does concern,
With the same quickness he can run ye o're
As beggars tell their wants from door to door.
Or a vain *Quack* his Jargon does repeat
When he the gazing crowd designs to cheat.

Nor

Nor can I either spend my Ink or Time
To count the Fools who their's abuse in Rhime.
Nor let you know how with some monster's fight
Lincolns-Inn-Fields, and *Bridges-Street* each night,
Vainly endeavour people to delight.
'Tis very difficult I must confess
To say which suffers most the Stage or Press,
They both with monstrous Births so often teem,
And trifles which besotted Authors dream,
That with impatience we expect to see
When *Dryden*, *Congreve*, or bold *Wycherly*,
Will draw in their defence and set 'em free.
But 'till the Town beholds those happy days,
'Twill scarce see more new fashions, then new Plays.

T O
 His HIGHNESS the DUKE of
 G L O U C E S T E R
Upon his Installment, at Windsor
 O N
Fryday July 24th. 1696.

TO You, *Great Prince*, whose Royal birth does
 joyn
 In one ; the *Danish, Scotch, and English* line :
 Who from an Ancient stock of Monarchs trace
 Th' illustrious Authors of your mighty race,
 With joy her early tribute *Honor* brings:
 And ranks your Childhood with the greatest Kings.
 Justly conferring Dignities on You,
 Which only are to God-like vertue due.
 Nor can Your want of Years their worth degrade,
 For *Hero's* are like *Poets* born, not made.

TO

T O

SYLVIA

Carrying Scaron's NOVELS *to*
Church instead of a Common-
Pray'r Book.

Sylvia, the Ends of going to Church
Are many we own,
'Tis to all of us known,
Without any farther search.

But of this I had scarce any notion,
'Till it was made plain,
That some Amorous swain
Was the object of your Devotion:

If that be Your case, your mistake do not smother,

For ev'ry one knows,

If this way your heart goes,

'Tis not fit that your prayers should go t'other,

But then what Religion d'ye drive at?

For I begin to doubt,

Since I have found out

That to *Common* prayer you prefer *Private*.

After all I should think you *Protestant*,

But 'that I can prove

You'r oth' *Family of Love*,

And no doubt but You'l soon make the best an't.

Yet nevertheless,

To You *Sylvia* I guess

The promis'd reward will be giv'n.

For (as I've heard say)

Much to love and to pray,

Is the only sure way to reach Heay'n.

To

TO THE
Learned *Rich. Blackmore* M. D.

On his Ingenious P O E M

PRINCE ARTHUR.

Great is His task, and great should be his fame
Whose noble toyls a stately Pallace frame;
Where just proportion shapes each finish'd part,
And the materials suit the builder's art:
In whose design both use and beauty share,
Dividing equally his skilful care.

Nor less deserves the Bard, who dares to raise
His tuneful voice in some great *Hero's* praise,
And boldly Sing the Man whose glorious name
Convey'd to us from distant Ages, came.

Who

Who all those triumphs our Fore-Fathers saw,
 Knows in such lively Colours how to draw ;
 That we amaz'd his wond'rous virtues view,
 Envy, yet wish to imitate 'em too.
 Such is thy *Arthur*, such thy matchless Song.
 Sweet, yet Majestick ; beautiful, yet strong :
 Both so surprizing, that we hardly know
 To which the greater debt we *Brittains* owe.
 To Him, who bravely for our Country fought,
 Or You, who all his Battles thus have wrote ;
 That Bards to come, when they thy work shall see,
 Him shall admire, and write in praise of Thee.
 Some *Brittish* Monarch then, whose mighty name
 Rival's the Conquering *Macedonian's* fame,
 Like him will weep, when in immortal Rhime
 (Plac'd beyond all the vain efforts of time).
 He saw *Pelides's* God-like actions live
 And ruin'd *Troy's* unhappy fall survive.
 He'll weep : and weeping wish, that bounteous Heaven
 Which gave him *Arthur's* Soul, Thine to some Bard
 had giv'n. To

To thee Great Poet and Physitian too
 A double portion of our praise is due.
 The *Muses* lay with *Lethergy* opprest,
 'Till you by Sov'raign Art their ills redrest ;
 Taught 'em to scorn the Stage's trifling game,
 And at a higher mark direct their aim.
 To it's first strength you *Poetry* restore,
 By You encourag'd she again dares Soar.
 And her disease with *Saul* departing feels,
 While *David*-like, thy *Muse* both Sings and heals.
 In spite of Criticks rage (great Sir) go on.
 Perfect the cure you have so well begun,
 Nor mind what men of witty malice say,
 Whose various fancy should you once obey,
 Like the fam'd Painter's piece, your work wou'd be :
 Which chang'd to please each nice spectator's eye,
 Became at last all o're deformity.
 Blush not t' have dug thy oar from *Virgil's* mine.
 The stamp, not metall 'tis that makes the coyn.
 Tho' this the *Roman's* be, yet That is Thine.

THE
ASSOCIATION.

Serve Thee? no, ne're think blind Fool,
That manly reason will submit
It self to thy Despotick rule,
Or bear the Yoke thou lay'st on it.

The sweets of Liberty it long has known,
Resolv'd in spight of Thee to keep 'em still it's own.

Thus I a while Love's power defy'd,
And play'd the Sullen *male-content*,
With fruitless stubbornness deny'd,
To own his lawful government:

And thought in point of honor could ne're
Allegiance both to Him, and sov'raign Reason swear.

'Twas

upon several occasions.

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'Twas error all I own it now,

And my misguided zeal recall,

To that great deity I bow

Whose endless power extends to all.

Since the whole World avers his right; for me
Singly to thwart it, would the height of madness be.

My will long since to him inclin'd

Too cautious Honor, checks in vain:

Desire with *Cloe's* Beauty joyn'd,

Urge the attack, and conquest gain.

I yeild, and now to Liberty perfer

The glorious privilege of serving Love and Her.

Henceforth their constant Slave I'll prove,

And whosoe're those Rebels be,

That dare ill-tim'd seditions move,

Against their throne, are foes to Me.

While Youth, and Vigour my intentions wait,

I'll bravely lay e'm out in service of the State.

Philo-

Philosophy in vain shall try
 The growing passion to destroy;
 And vanquish'd morals routed fly
 When e're they would our peace annoy.
 The glorious monarchs shall triumphant reign;
 And reason not attempt to break the pleasing chain.

T O A
 L A D Y

That made Images in Wax.

TO the Same matter Nature's Skill
 Imparts what shapes so e're it will.
 And Love who Jove so oft transform'd, can make
 Like him all Lovers different figures take.
 By a Like Power *Lucinda* You
 In wax can several forms renew.

upon several occasions.

95

In this with Nature you agree :

From *Chaos* You as well as She

A piece of perfect Beauty can create.

And on your hand bid all the Graces wait ;

But first like Love, with gentle heat

Make it for impression fit.

Prometheus art Y' already share :

Your wax does humane figures bear.

But if as that great *Artist* did, you'd give

Your charming Images the power to live.

You need not steal your fire above,

I'll furnish you with that of love.

TO

T O

BELINDA,

On Her Recovery from her Fever.

AS men when stormy winds begin to rise,
And threatning Clowds o're cast the gloomy
Skies;
By fears of future want, and death oppress,
Their suppliant eyes and hands to Heaven addrest,
Beg a reprieve, and speak in tears the rest.
So when *Belinda's* danger wak'd our fears,
With vows our prayers, with sighs we mix'd our tears;
And humbly ask'd, relenting fate would Spare
To blast the early beauties of the Fair.

Nor

Nor vain has been the wish ; she lives to know
What she to us, what we to Heav'n owe.
She Lives : nor has the deadly ill decay'd,
Those Graces, which in all her Features play'd.
Her sparkling Eyes their wonted lustre dart.
Her ev'ry look can still command a Heart.
Unblasted Roses in her cheeks appear,
And out-blown-Lillies spread their glories there.
Her coral lips those downy seats of bliss
With the same ardour wanton *Zephirs* kiss.
'Till forc'd from thence, to her white neck they go,
And wondring view the yet unmelted Snow.
There stay to gaze, like us amaz'd to find
Where fire so lately rag'd, *That* left behind.
Unchang'd in all things, she with cold disdain
Still hears her Lovers of their fate complain ;
Remembers not those pains she lately bore :
But frowns, and loads unhappy us with more.
Yet since *Belinda* lives we gladly dye,
Proud such a treasure at that rate to buy.

So *Curtius* once into Earth's bowels rode,
And to his own, prefer'd a publick good.

*To a Gentleman that was looking
for his Spectacles whilst they
were on his Nose.*

S I R,

I Own, your's is a loss
That would any man cross,
Because I don't think I er'e knew one,
Who cou'd justly deny
That a false eye
Was good, when one wanted a true one.

Your Spectacles lay
(As a man may so say,)
Before your eyes only to blind 'em.
So that it must be granted
Their assistance you wanted,
Were they for nothing else but to find 'em,

T O A
L A D Y

*Whose Smock-Sleeves were dirty
and tuck'd up.*

F R O M
Monsieur De VOITURE.

YOU *Mopsa*, who within Your Sleeve
A Thousand Lovers entertain,
Will you no neater lodging give
To all your fawning, cringing train?

There's no one doubts but that you may
By right of Conquest, ev'ry Spark

You have subdu'd, in *Prison* lay ;

But let it not be quite so *dark*.

You keep my heart in dungeon too

Like *Malefactor* to be us'd,

Which, tho devoted so to You,

You have to ashes e'en reduc'd ;

I burning day and night have drove

The Smoak into that place I fear ;

And that the fire of my Love

Has made it self a *Chimney* there.

A Lattin Epig. Translated.

P *Hyllis* and *Acon* Shine with equal grace,
Whilst but one Eye adorns each lovely Face.

Thy Starry light to Her bright Youth impart,

Thus she'l be *Venus*, whilst thou *Cupid* art.

TO
DORINDA
ON
VALENTINE'S *Day*.

Look how, my dear, the feather'd kind
By mutual caresses joyn'd,
Bill; and seem to teach us two,
What we to love, and custom owe.

Shall only You and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of blifs may give.

But Ah! when I the proffer make

Still coyly you refuse to take.

My heart I dedicate in vain,

The too mean present you disdain.

Yet since the solemn time allows

To choose the object of our vows ;

Boldly I dare profess my flame,

Proud to be Yours by any *Name*.

The Snow-Ball.

Fair *Julia* at my breast took aim,

Then threw the gather'd snow ;

Secure I dreaded thence no flame,

Yet feel it burn me now.

By nature cold it chills the veins.

But when by *Julia* thrown,

In the hot Feavourish blood it reigns

With heat before unknown.

My heart, bright Nymph, Your Beauty's due

I offer at Your feet,

Since reconcil'd by Love and You

Ev'n contraries can meet.

Ah! let me not the torment know

Of unallay'd desire,

In vain, in vain with Ice or snow

You strive to quench the fire.

'Tis You alone must cool the heat

Which You alone could give.

With equal flames my wishes meet

If You wood have me live.

O D E the XI.

Out of the First Book of *Hor.*

Tu ne quæsieris &c.

NEver teize thy *Fair self* ('tis all madness,) to
know

When or how my Dear Nymph to *the Shades* we shall go.

Do not trouble old *Patridge* to rummage his Volumes

And cast his fine Figures, or such what d'ye call'ums.

Eor tho' to a minuit he could tell you your date,

You'd bene're the less fearful to grapple with fate.

Let us then thank the Gods for the Years that are past,

Whether this winter we feel, be the last

We shall hear stormy *Boreas* bluster and roar ;

Or Heav'n will fling us in one, or two more.

Fill

Fill a brimmer, *brave Girl*, here's a health to old *Time*,
But to think we can stop his career is a crime.
He's too cunning for us, while we prattle and sip,
He has taken his heel's and gin' us the slip.
If Yov've bills upon him, take 'em down on the nail,
Tick not till to morrow, for fear he should fail.

*To a LADY whom I had the
misfortune to hit as I was playing
at Bowls.*

THat You, dear Nymph, have charms unknown,
Both I and all the world must own :

And that they are attractive too.

But little did I think my Bowl

Would Sympathetically roll,

To the same place I us'd to do.

Had this but been a ball of Gold,
As was the famous one of old
Contended for by th' matchless *Three*.
My wonder I had straight lay'd by,
And own'd I knew the reason why,
It came so readily to Thee.

Dorinda do not stand so nigh,
For if, to th' mark, it is the Eye
Alone, that does direct our aim.
Then I shall be undone by You,
For whilst 'tis you take up my View,
My bowl will bias there again.

On a LADY who was almost
Burnt to Death, whilst She
was at Prayers in Her Closet.

With fervent zeal the pious matron pray'd,
And her whole Soul in thought to Heav'n
convey'd.

Intent on God her busy mind
In holy raptures thither soar'd,
All earthly mixture left behind
Prepar'd to meet the *bridal Lord*.

But while with oyl her care the Lamp supplies,
The greedy flames her Body make their prize.

Yet Heav'n who by this *Ordeal* trial found
How earnest were her prayers, her faith how sound.

Reliev'd the almost Martyr'd Saint,
And (tho' it prov'd her) rather chose

She

She her reward a while should want,
Than we the great example lose.

Else had she shar'd that happy *Prophet's* fate
Who snatch'd to Heav'n in flames, forsook this mortal state.

Upon BELINDA's *having*
the Tooth-ach.

Restless you lay upon Your bed,
The pillow did Your arm sustain,
Your hand supporter of your head
Could no way ease the cruel pain.

The busy *Zephyrs* once did wait
To mix with an uncommon air,
They hung upon your lips, and strait
They rudely press'd, and enter'd there.

A tender constitution'd Tooth
Us'd to one constant, sweeter breez,
Changing as 'twere its clime forsooth,
Had thereby gotten a disease.

And the cold Rheum your gumms did yeild
Was clearer far then morning dew,
Or Crystal drops from rock distill'd,
Or from Your Eyes, that greif e're drew.

Your Teeth like *Parian* marble white,
Did weep like *Parian* marble too.
Sure Sign the day could not be bright
When such dark clouds hung over You.

Your cheek too swoln did impair
The radiant glories of Your Eye,
As if weak mortals could not bear
So great a light so nigh.

Says one 'twas tedious to produce,
When Young, those Instruments of pain :
And were I in your case, would chuse
To have them out again.

Oh ! no a tooth from Her, would be
To Spoil the *Musick* of her song.
And then the *Art* would want a *Key*,
Which sure is found in her alone.

I try'd if ought upon the ail
A thousand kisses would prevail,
Nor vain was my endeavour.
I press'd the Cheek, and warm'd the Gumm,
Infus'd a heat, expell'd the Rheum,
And left her as well as ever.

MARTIAL.

Lib. 4. Epig. 22.

S Carce yet enjoy'd, and half afraid to prove
The melting joys of consummated Love,
From my embraces leapt the bashfull Bride :
And plunging in the crystal River, try'd
To cool Love's heat, and all her beauties hide.
But the pure stream betray'd her trembling there,
Amidst the waves I saw, and knew the fair,
(Like flowers enclos'd in glass :) my ravish'd sight
Ran over ev'ry part with fresh delight.
Till eager grown to tast the tempting blifs,
I div'd, and spight of coynefs snatch'd a kifs,
But the waves clearnefs made me stop at this.

TO A
LADY

*That wept for the loss of Her
little Dog,*

FROM
Monsieur De VOITURE.

B Right Goddess I so much adore,
And whose assistance I implore,
Forbear to weep in such a measure.

If (as they say) *Aurora's* tears
Consolidate in gemms, my fears
Tell me You'll lose too vast a treasure.

Alas!

upon several occasions.

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Alas! I should too happy grow,
Too rich, and summs too mighty owe,
Were half these tears but shed for me.
But see! the lavish't pearly drops
Are thrown away upon poor pupps.
That Kings and Kingdoms too wou'd buy.

Bright *Cynthia* in the Starry Sky,
Who best can with Your glories vie,
(Nor yet is *Cynthia* quite so fair)
When ever she begins to rise
Often weeps, and often sighs
But for a *Lover* are her Tears.

If like her You'd weep and sigh,
You must Your cruelty lay by,
And your affection better Show,
Placing it better: like Her, You,
Must distill the pearly dew
On all us mortals here below.

I

Her

Her pity sure is weakness all
 Who for favourite Shocks can cry,
 With tender finger put in Eye;
 And unconcern'd see us men fall.

The FLATTERER.

AH! happy King *Damocles* cries,
 How undisturb'd are all thy joys?
 Who feast on thy well furnish'd board
 Whate're rich nature can afford;
 Whate're luxurious sense can feast,
 Or gratifie the Eye, or tast.
 See with what haste the Courtiers run
 To wait on Thee their rising Sun?
 How they observe the awful nod
 Of mighty Thee their only God?

Thy word can make the poor man great,
And like the Deity's create.
Thy frown can change the rich man's fate.
How beauty, pleasure, ease and Love
As thy attendants always move.
Ah ! happy King might I but be
For one short day as great as Thee,
With joy the next my hated breath
I wou'd resign to welcom Death.
Unknowing wretch the King reply'd,
Thy wish obtain'd will soon decide
Our Happiness ; and let thee know
That I am more a wretch than thou.
And now in Royal Honours drest
Attended to a sumptuous feast
The mock King goes, where o're his head
By the weak tenure of a thread
He hanging sees the pointed Steal,
To check the Luxurie of's meal.

Then at the smiling Tyrants feet
 Lays down in haste his Robes of State.
 Not that I so much dread (says he)
 The fatal Sword I yonder see,
 Tho' that be sharp, yet I begin
 To feel more pointed cares within.

*Written in a Young Lady's
 Waller.*

Falsely do flatt'ring Poets say
 That all the Gods Love's power obey.
 That whate're beauty does command
 It's Edicts nothing can withstand.
 Just now, when thro' my wounded Heart
 From Your fair Eyes Love shot his dart,
 When on your beauteous face I gaz'd
 At that bright Heav'n of charms amas'd;

I would

I would the silent Lyre ha' strung
To Lays beyond e'en *Walters* Song.
I would, *Dorinda*, You have set
Far above his *Amoret*,
Above his *Sacharissa* too,
I would have rais'd more beauteous *You*.
And verses made as his compleat,
M' expression soft, my fancy neat,
Surprizing thoughts in ev'ry line
With pleasing turns, like His, should shine.
The tuneful God refus'd t' inspire
My breast with that Poetick fire.
Which thro' all *Waller's* veins did run
And spight of coldness urg'd him on.
When in *Pens-hurst's* shady Grove,
He sung of *Sidney* and of *Love*.
Howe're *Dorinda* read him thro',
And think when ought you like, You view.
Had *Phabus* done as much for me,
I would have said the same of *Thee*.

A

LETTER

To a FRIEND,

Concerning an University Life.

Riding to Oxford (Sir) as slow a pace
Perhaps, as Hackney Steed in no good case
Could carry ; and cold inclinations to the place.
Like well staid Alderman whom age had taught
To move as dull and heavy as his thought,
Or as his words, when for his Brethrens use
Some city Apothegm he'd produce.

By

By that time I Twelve miles from Town had past,
Out bolts a Parson in such wondrous hast,
Rushing thro' hedge, and leaping over Dike,
That I for my part never saw the like.
And strait I ask'd him if he'd lost his way,
And what occasion led him thus astray.

*"I thought Sir to descry a nearer cut
"To Oxford than was Ever yet found out.
"For if that Place lye in a line direct,
"I know no reason why I should affect
"A Circular road, and not new ways detect.*

Oh! Sir you always while you live must own
The farthest way about's the nearest home.
And I believe if you had left your Horse
To's own discretion you'd ne're far'd the worse.
For His *in this* seems greater Far then Yours.
But if you'l daign to keep along with me——
"Sir I embrace the opportunity.

Why then *allons Monsieur*, come on: I guess
You are a worthy member of that place.

Pray how d'ye like it, between you and me,

All things with you, Sir, I suppose agree?

" All very well: how can I choose but love

" That place which no man are could disapprove

" On any just pretence; close by whose side

" The murmuring streams of gentle Isis glide,

" While Zephirs from the neighbouring Hills inspire

" The Soul, and gently fan Poetick fire.

" There free from noise and in a safe recess

" We may enjoy a perfect happiness.

A perfect Happiness! pray hold a blow
And let's dispute it out before we go.

Is there no *Helicon* but *Isis* stream?

And no *Parnassus* but the hills You name?

What must we never benefit mankind,

Thus to one corner of the World confin'd?

Must we consume our Youthful vigorous days

Fit for employment, in inglorious ease?

Pray where's the satisfaction that is got

In letting all men know Your good for nought?

" Why

upon several occasions.

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"Why good for nought? cause in a close retreat

"We envy not the glories of the great,

"Free from Ambition, that does toil create.



Ambition! is the greatest blessing sure
That man could here enjoy, or Heav'n conferr.
How weary would each step of life be gone
Wer't not Ambition that entic'd us on?
This like a *ferment* working in the vein
Stirs us to action, but creates no pain.
Nor is it thro' a tedious course of ease,
That we must purchase *perfect happiness*.
In business, Sir, You must your self embroyl,
There is no pleasure if there is no toyl,
'Tis from the ills w'hav'e undergone, we know
Whether we're truly happy now or no.
He that goes always in one even way
And meets no rubb's that make him turn, or stray,
No pleasant intervals can e're enjoy,
Continu'd ease will soon *it self* destroy.

No

No fragrant sweetness does attend that rose
Which you are always holding at Your nose.

Therefore upon this stage let ev'ry man
Appear with as much credit as he can,
What tho' success endeavours don't attend,
And men of business sometimes miss their end.
It argues still a lofty generous Soul
Whose hopes no fears could ever yet controul.
'Tis not my business to my self to live.

There's yet a nobler end at which I drive;
Else would it seem as I were brought up here,
To show how insignificant I were.

With emulation thus we ought to strive,
And let our stock of fame our selves survive.

For 'tis a Satisfaction sure too mean,
Unactive to pass o're lifes lazy scene,
And then to be, as if we'd never been.

In short, it is the duty that You owe
Your Country Sir, to come abroad and show
Your self; if you your duty did but know.

And

And if without offence it may be said,
I think it looks as tho' you were ill bred,
And if 'tis possible, worse taught than fed.

"Nay as for learning Sir, I hope no parts
Of Europe will pretend to half those Arts,
In such exact perfection as we do.

'Tis therefore, Sir, I lay the blame on You.
For all the stock of learning that You boast
If not imparted to the World, is lost.

What tho' the stream be deep and crystal too?
If like the Nile it don't the land o'reflow.

The Oar that's treasur'd up is sure abus'd;
And might as well not be, as not be us'd.

So Sir d'ye see a f—t for all this stuff,
Which I and all the World know well enough,
Will not be worth to e're a poring sot
Of all the packing tribe, one single groat.
Therefore the Stagarite from shelf dismount,
Des Cartes too; and turn 'em to account.

Believe me, Sir, if You would get by them,
Translate e'm to the place from whence they came.
For I must plainly tell you that success
Won't follow from the methods you profess.
For if the gentile learning of the Age
You'r for, from this Your self first disengage.
For if old *Statutes* many years ago
Compil'd, are to direct your studies now,
When those who made e'm had a different taste
Of Learning, then the world at present has :
With strait girt doublet then may *N—on* huff,
And swagger with his Ears beneath a ruff,
Were open trowsers (as they us'd to do
Two hundred years since) and be still a *Beaux*.
This difference indeed may be suppos'd
Between You both ; he only'd be expos'd
To th' laughter of the gazing crowd, but You,
To ridicule and disadvantage too.

And

And that from the wrong notions you receive
From what th' old *Stagarite* had us'd to give
With greater Ease, then e're he could believe.

Sir I'll maintain the Rawest Youngster there
Whom too fond Parent's over forward care
Remov'd from Rod toth' *University*,
(As surely thinking that the tender tree
If once transplanted to another Soyl,
Would answer's expectations and his toyl.)
Even this Spark five *terms* at least, before
H' has taken a degree; and full Ten more
Before he has deserv'd it; shall adore
Those Ancient Sots, whose whimsick brain alone
Found out Dame Nature's ways before unknown,
Whereby she acted, or at least she might have done.
To their opinions having his confin'd,
With bold assurance he thwarts all mankind:
Thinks he can't err while in their steps he goes,
Tho' on what grounds he follows, he scarce knows.

And may to meritorious faith pretend,
 Whilst he believes what he can't comprehend:
 He never Stoops so low as common sense
 Too mean a quarry for his just pretence.
 And thinks all us illiterate clowns, and fools,
 Who talk not in the jargon of the Schools.
 But give me leave to tell him he's undone.
 And were he sensible how Far he had run
 In a wrong course, he gladly would return.
 He'd come abroad where looking all around
 At the first view he would his sense confound.
 Start like Columbus on his new found shoar,
 At th' sight of People he ne'er saw before.
 Pleas'd with discoveries he had made, he'd cry
 He'd found a part oth' world as well as He.
 Thus much I'm sure he could not chuse but own,
 He'd found a part of it to Him unknown.

More I'd ha' said but Parson in a huff

Thus Syllogistically cut me off.

upon several occasions.

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"Sir since I know not where to mend my lot,

"Tis best to be content with what I've got

"Ergo, d'ye see Sir, I'll not stir a jot.

A T A R A

FINIS.

ERRATA.

PAge 12. line 20 for *wife*, r. *Wife*. p. 25. l. 2. *sease*,
r. *seize*. p. 34. l. 1. *there*, r. *their*. l. 14. *loose*, r. *lose*.
p. 35. l. 1. r. *Impestour*. p. 51. l. 9. *suppriss'd*, r. *suppres's'd*.
p. 52. l. 16. *amas'd*, r. *amaz'd*. p. 55. l. 2. *to*, r. *too*. p.
64. l. 11. *Id'as*, r. *Ida's*. p. 68. l. 3. *to*, r. *too*. p. 78.
l. 4. *fare*, r. *fair*. p. 80. omit the point that follows
stream. p. 82. *Pray* r. *prey*. p. 92. l. 11. *could*, r. *I could*.
p. 109. l. 14. *radient*, r. *radiant*.

